

He Was Cold

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Summary: Bucky is cold. Fluff. Warning: Stucky

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**_A/N: And, here is a slightly older Stucky I wrote, once more for my darling 46captain46 who is always supporting me. You're the best. The song I was listening to was Sweater Weather by the neighborhood.

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**_Disclaimer: I do not own the characters or franchise, only the plot in which I involved them. This is a nonprofit story.

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_Warnings: Mild language. _

He was cold. That was the thought that registered in his head. He was fucking cold. Ever since being in crio, Bucky always hated being cold. Steve had told him to wait outside for a second because he forgot his camera. Well, it's been longer than a second and, now? Now he's cold. Shifting from one foot to the other he tried not to shiver. He crossed his arms over his chest and closed his eyes taking deep breaths to calm himself. He'd be quite put out if he couldn't spend the day with Steve due to a panic attack.

Steve returned a moment later and placed a gentle hand on Bucky's shoulder, pulling him out of his trance.

"You okay, soldier?" "Fine justâ€|" "Just what, Buck?" "Cold." Steve understood. Steve seemed to always understand Bucky. It was almost annoying.

"Do you wanna stay inside?" "No, we had plans, I don't wanna ruin our day." "I wouldn't call sitting on the couch and watching movies a ruined day." Steve grinned, his blue eyes twinkling prettily. "No we

had plans, let's—" His sentence was cut off by a body wracking shiver and Bucky cursed lightly to himself.

Taking note of it, Steve grabbed Bucky's flesh hand in his own and tucked his sweater sleeve around them, making sure to wrap their hands in warmth. Bucky tilted his head, much like a confused dog, and wondered.

"You don't care if people look?" Steve smiled and shook his head. "It's a new age Buck. Things are okay now." Bucky still persisted, he be damned if people shunned Steve because he had problems with temperature. "But, you're Captain America." "And, you're Captain America's best friend. Look if you don't want me to hold your hand I won't." He started to pull his hand away and Bucky already missed the encasing warmth. Startling himself with his deep rooted need to maintain that contact with Steve he chased the hand back into his own and squeezed lightly. "No, I, I want you too." Steve gave a reassuring squeeze back and started tugging them forward. Bucky wasn't sure if he was supposed to hear the mumbled "I'm glad." But, it had him smiling, his insides squirming pleasantly and he realized he felt much warmer than he had in a long time, and if Steve took note of Bucky hovering closer to his side he didn't mention it, only held Bucky's hand tighter and lightly brushed his thumb over the hand trapped warmly in his own. For the rest of their outing, unless Steve wanted to wake a picture of something specific, he never let go of Bucky's hand, and Bucky decided he was glad too.

They ended up calling it when it started to snow and Bucky looked like he wanted to murder the unique white fluff falling from the open New York sky. The walk back to the tower was filled with mumbled curses and threats to never leave when the city was ten below ever again. Steve only nodded sympathetically and tried to smother his smile at Buckys flushed cheeks and red nose.

After they got back to the tower and finished arguing over what snacks would be appropriate they settled into the communal area to watch a movie. Sam said it was a must see, but after the sequel the rest just sucked. Bucky shoved at Steves thigh with his toes until Steve got the idea and lifted his thigh high enough for Bucky to stick his feet under. "Hmm, warm." Bucky drew out a sigh and Steve smiled before playing the movie. The screen lit up and Transformers started playing out softly. "Didn't that fella grow up to become, like, weird or something?" Bucky mumbled from his cocoon made up of Steves body and multiple dark blue blankets. Steve cast him a quick glance before replying. "Look who's talking Buck." "Punk." "Jerk." After that Bucky quieted down and tried to focus on what was happening. He fell asleep in under ten minutes. At the sound of the soft snores Steve looked over at his best friend and smiled before leaning over to place a soft kiss on his forehead.

A little while later Tony came passing by and saw the sight of two snoozing Super Soldiers wrapped tight around each other with a title screen playing in the back ground. "J? Take a picture, would ya?" Tony asked quietly, smirking to himself. This would be delightful blackmail next time Barnes says something too sassy. "Sir, Mr. Barton and Ms. Romanoff have already requested such and have asked that one be printed out for the fridge." Jarvis' voice rung out into the room. "Remind me to do something special for those too." "Of course sir, though might I inquire which two you are referring too?" "Clint and Tasha, course." "Of course sir, right true sir."

End
file.